

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, three months... One Square, one inch, one year... Quarter Column, one year... Half Column, one year... One Column, one year... Legal advertisements less cents per line each insertion. Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

Proposes to encourage cotton-growing by loans and subsidies to the growers.

Negotiations are in progress to begin the astronomical day, like the business day, at midnight instead of at noon.

The Chicago Record avers that matrimonial statistics prove that the masculine girl's wedding usually comes long after all her friends are married.

The Sac and Fox Indians are said to be the purest-blooded red men in the country. They neither marry in or give in marriage outside their own tribe.

The Texas Legislature has, by resolution, invited cotton manufacturers in the North to remove to Texas and get the trade of Mexico and South America.

Edward Atkinson says that the time will come when the fiber in the cotton stalk will be utilized, and there are important elements for tanning and dyeing in the root.

The Live Stock Report, of Chicago, says that every indication points to a decrease in meat supply, which is likely to be general in all branches, and that the market is now in healthy shape and brighter for the producer than for several years.

The New York Independent says: "We have quite overlooked, mostly of us, the extensive and valuable forests of the South. We are already getting lumber from across our Northern border. Would it not be well to make larger use of our timber resources in the South?"

Finland must be a sportsman's paradise, opines the Atlanta Constitution. In ten years 90,000 domestic animals, including 24,000 reindeer were destroyed by wild beasts, and in that time 1100 bears, 1200 wolves, 55,000 lynxes and foxes, 19,000 ermines, and 56,000 birds of prey, eagles, hawks, etc., were killed.

Modern processes of preserving meat by freezing it were anticipated by nature in her process of preserving the mammoths or great woolly elephants of the far North. After the flesh of those animals has been frozen for several thousand years it can still be eaten. A correspondent of M. Paul Boas reported to that scientist that mammoth flesh thus preserved tastes a good deal like leather.

The story is told of old President Humphrey that he got a bequest all unknown to himself for Amherst College, made by a woman, a stranger to him, to whom he had given up his seat in a stage coach. The story is neatly matched by the bequest of \$13,000 given to Dr. Talmage's wife by a woman to whom Mrs. Talmage had shown personal attention by visiting her when she was sick in a hospital.

A very serious fall has taken place in the price of horses in Paris, also in various French towns, says the Philadelphia Record. This is said to be mainly due to the extraordinary increase in the number of bicycles and tricycles, the production being during last year excessive—namely, over 100,000 more than in the year prior. The complaint is bitter on the part of horse dealers, who say the bicycle is taking their bread away; but they must, like the rest of society, suffer for the benefit of the million.

The New York Sun remarks: Formerly men lived in palaces and conducted their business in the plainest of buildings. The many big white edifices recently erected in this city indicate a change in this respect. The semi-public corporation lead the way in a movement which must improve public taste. Some of these structures show a completeness in detail, a breadth in total effect which recall the profusion of the Italian Renaissance. Then the tendency was to seek the beautiful in the surroundings of public worship, in places of trade and in the furnishing of the home.

In Lambeth, says the London Telegraph, a milk vendor displayed a tin plate, setting forth that all the milk sold from "this establishment" was guaranteed pure as delivered at the dairy farm. An inspector purchased a pint for analysis, and informed the milkman of its destination. "All right," said the vendor, "there's its certificate of birth," and he tapped the tin plate with a milk can complacently. "Perhaps I may be able to send you its certificate of baptism soon," answered the inspector, who he did in the form of a summons, which subsequently was transformed into a fine of \$25 for adding fifteen per cent. of water.

Strike me a note of sweet degrees— Of sweet degrees— Like those in Jewry hearts of old; My love, if thou wouldst wholly please, Hold in thy hand a harp of gold, And touch the strings with fingers light, And yet with strength as David might— As David might.

Linger not long in songs of love— In songs of love— No serenades nor wint'ry airs The deeper soul of music moves; Only a solemn measure bears With rapture that shall never cease My spirit to the gates of peace— The gates of peace.

No fool I when Francesca sings— Francesca sings— My thoughts mount upward; I am dead To every sense of vulgar things, And on celestial highways tread With prophets of the olden time— Those minstrel kings, the men sublime— The men sublime.—T. W. Parsons.

THE REUNION. HE stage rattled into the village on pleasant July day and drew up at the store. The G. A. R. man, the only passenger, climbed out of the lumbering vehicle, dragging after him his nondescript traveling bag. He limped up the steps in the wake of the driver, who was helping the storekeeper with the mail pouch, and once on the porch stopped and nodded a gruff greeting at the three men who were seated on the bench kicking their heels together—the Chronic Loafers, the School Teacher and the Miller. The trio gazed at the new arrival solemnly; at his broad-brimmed black slouch hat, which, though drawn down over his left temple, did not hide the end of a band of court-plaster; at his blue coat, two of its brass buttons missing; at his trousers, several rents in which had been clumsily sewed together.

"From your appearance one would judge that you had come home from a battle instead of a reunion at Gettysburg," the School Teacher remarked. "He'd never come out of no battle lookin' like that," the Chronic Loafers cried. "I've come home 'fore my 'scursion ticket expired," said the G. A. R. man, removing his hat and disclosing the great patch of plaster that adorned his forehead. "Gettysburg was a sight better for me yesterday 'an in '63. But I've got to the end of my story."

"So that same old yarn you've been tellin' at every camp fire since the war is finished at last. That's a blessing!" The veteran seated himself comfortably upon his upturned satchel and began: "For the benefit of the Teacher, who I ain't never seen at our camp fires, I'll repeat my experience at the battle of Gettysburg, and then tell yer all 'bout my second fight there. I served as corporal in the 25th Pennsylvania Volunteers, an' was honorably discharged in '64."

"For which you draw a pension," the Chronic Loafers ventured. "That ain't so. I got the malarial an' several other complaints that I got down on the Peninsula that hinders me workin' steady. But that ain't here nor there. Our retrenchment was allus known as the Bloody Pennsylvania Retrenchment, fer we'd been in the front in every fight in the Wilderness and had some very desperate engagements. Whenever there was any chargin' to be done, we done it; if there was a flyin' horse we was in it; if there was a breastwork to be took, we took it; an' by the end of two years each fightin' we was pretty bad cut up. When we come ter the fight at Gettysburg it was decided as they wasn't many of us left we'd better be put to guardin' baggage wagons. That was a kinder work didn't need many men, but took fighters in case the enemy give the boys in front a slip and sneaked in on our rear."

"The trains, with several brigades, among which our retrenchment, was a couple of miles behind Cemetery Hill during the first day's fighting; but on the second day we was ordered back about twenty-five miles. It was pretty hard ter have ter be drivin' off into the country watchin' a lot of mules when the boys was bevin' it hot bangin' away at the enemy, but there was orders, and a soldier alius her ter obey orders."

"The fightin' begin early on the second day an' we could hear the roar of the guns an' see the smoke risin' in clouds an' then settin' down over the country. We got our wagons going an' I tell yer we felt pretty bine, fer the wounded and the stragglers begin ter come hobblin' back bringin' bad news. They would tell how the boys was being all cut up along the Emmettsburg road and how we'd better move fast, fer we was losin' an' then they'd hobble away agin. Then besides the trouble with the mules and wagons and the wounded, we had to be continual watchin' fer them Confed'rit cavalry we was expectin' ter pounce down on us. Evenin' come an' we lay to an' prepared for the night. The fires was started and the coffee set boilin', an' the fellers had a chance to set down and rest for a while."

"The wounded and the stragglers that just filled the country were comin' in all the time, sometimes alone, sometimes in twos and threes, some with their arms tied up in all sorts of queer ways, their heads bandaged, or hobblin' on sticks, about the miserable lotset of men I ever seen. The noise of the fight had stopped, an' the whole country was quiet, as though nothin' had be'n happenin'. The quiet and the dark and the fear we was go-

in ter meet the enemy at any moment made it mighty unpleasant, and what with the stories them wounded fellers give us we didn't rest very easy. At 10 o'clock I went out on the picket line an' seemed I hadn't been there more'n an hour when I made out a dark figure of a man comin' through the fields very slow like. Me an' the fellers who was watchin' sharp. Sudden he stopped and sank down in a heap. Then he picked himself up and came staggerin' on. He couldn't hev been more'n an fifty yards away when he threw up his hands and pitched fer'a'd on his face. Me an' 'nother feller run out an' picked him up an' carried him inter the fire. But it wasn't no use; he was dead."

"There was a bullet wound in his shoulder and his clothes was soaked with blood that had ben drippin', drippin' as he walked tell he fell the last time. I opened his coat and in his pocket found a letter, stamped and directed apparent to his wife—that was all to tell who he was. So I went back to the line thinkin' no more of it an' never noticin' that that man's coat 'nd 'a' fit two of him."

"Mornin' come, and the firin' begin over toward Gettysburg, an' we could see the smoke risin' agin an' hear the big guns roarin' tell the ground beneath our feet seemed to swing up an' down. I tell you was that was a grand sight. We was awful excited, fer it seemed like the first two days had gone ag'in us, an' more stragglers an' the wounded come limpin' back more an' more, all with bad news."

"I was gittin' nervous, an' thinkin' an' thinkin' an' wishin' I was where the fun was. Then I concided maybe I wasn't so bad off, fer I might a be'n killed, like the poor feller I seen the night before. I remembered the letter an' got out. I didn't tend ter open it, but final I thot it would be safe ter go mailin' letters without knowin' just what was in 'em, so I read it. Et was wrote on a piece of wrappin' paper with a pencil, an' in an awful bad hand-write. But when I got through it I sot plumb down an' cried like a child."

"Et was from John Parker to his wife Mary, livin' out in Western Pennsylvania. He begins by mentionin' how he was on the eve of a big fight, an' tended ter do his duty, even if it come to fallin' at his post. Et was hard, he said, but he know'd she'd rather hev no husband 'n a coward. He was alius thinkin' of her 'an the baby he'd never seen, but felt satisfaction in knowin' they was well fixed."

"Et was wonderful, he continyerd, that she was like ter be a widdy so young, an' he wasn't goin' ter be mean about it. He alius know'd, he said, how she'd hev a hankerker after young Silas Quincy 'fore she tuk him. If he fell he thot she'd better merry Silas, when she'd recovered from the 'fects of his goin'. He ended up with a lot of last goodbyes and talk about duty to his country."

"I set right down an' wrote that poor woman a few lines, tellin' her how I found the letter in her dead husband's pocket. I was goin' ter quit there, but decided it would be nice to add somethin' consolin' fer the poor thing, so I thot how we found him on the field of battle, face to the enemy, an' how his last words was fer her an' the baby. That day we won the fight, an' the very first chance I mailed Mrs. Parker her husband's letter. Et seemed 'bout the plum blamsted saddest thing I ever hed ter do with."

"I've alius be'n cur'ous 'bout that widdy, too," the Chronic Loafers remarked. "The School Teacher cleared his throat and began: Now might her course begin, and over heaven Inducing darkness, grateful tears imposed, And silence on the odious din of war; Under her cloud— "Don't begin no poetry jest yit, Teacher," said the veteran. "Wait till you hear the sekal of the story. I never heard no more of Widly Parker tell last night, an' then et come most sudden. Our retrenchment had a reunion this year on the field, you know, an' last Monday I went back to Gettysburg for the first time since I was honorable discharged."

"The boys was all there—what's left of 'em—an' we jest had a splendid time visitin' the monuments an' talkin', over the days back in '63. There was my old tentmate, Sam James on one leg, an' Jim Luchenbach, who was near tuk down before Petersburg be the yellor janders. There was the Colonel, growed old an' near blind, an' our Captain, an' a hundred odd others. "Last night we was a lot of us settin' in the hotel tellin' stories. Et come my turn an' I told about the dead soldier's letter. That was a big feller in a uniform leavin' agin the bar watchin' us quiet like, an' when I begin he pricked up his ears a little, an' as I got furdur an' furdur he begin ter get more an' more 'interested, I noticed. By an' by I seen him becomin' red an' onsey, an' final, when I finished, he walks' cross the room ter where we was an' stands there starin' at me, never sayin' nothin'."

was gittin' to the rear with orders as lively as a cricket and threw off that coat because it was warm runnin'."

"When I seen what I'd done I jumps fer'a'd, grabbed his arm I was so excited, an' yells: 'An did she marry Silas Quincy?' "Et wasn't your fault she didn't," he said deliberately like, rollin' up his sleeves. 'Fer I got home two days after that letter an' stopped the weddin' party on their way to church.' "Sights!" cried the Chronic Loafers.—New York Sun.

Atmospheric Fuel. The possibility of carrying about with him the means of contracting a tendency to become chilled, and a stock of available fuel with which to keep warm, does not seem to be recognized by the average individual. But that one may by proper breathing keep up a comfortable temperature or throw off chilliness in almost any degree is a fact well established by abundant experiments. Almost every person may be exposed to the cold at times when there is no opportunity to prepare for it, and when there is any chance to secure extra clothing. In such cases it is only necessary to keep up deep and rapid breathing. Fill the lungs as full as possible at every inspiration. If the air is very cold, it is well to hold a handkerchief lightly before the nostrils, in order that the sudden ingress of a large quantity of cold air may not injure the lungs. The air should be drawn in with some force, and exhaled at once in the same way. Do not retain the air, but get rid of it as soon as possible. Two seconds is long enough for filling and emptying the lungs. Breathe fast, almost like panting after violent exercise, but with the utmost caution, stopping the instant any distress or uneasiness is felt. Wait a moment, then begin again, a little more slowly. Be steadfast in the effort to fill the lungs as full as possible without straining. Within a few moments the blood will begin to grow warm, the extremities will feel the glow, and soon the entire surface will be at comfortable temperature. If one awakens in the night with a "creepy," cold feeling, this is an excellent thing to do, and will restore the circulation, and often produce a desire to sleep.

There is another advantage in deep breathing that is far too little appreciated. One of the most eminent medical authorities declares that one can by full, rapid and free breathing eliminate almost all disease germs and tendencies from the system. Rapid breathing furnishes fuel by means of which all waste matter of the system is consumed. The blood is purified, the tissues are supplied with necessary material, and the entire body rapidly returns to healthy conditions.—New York Ledger.

Will Sustain 945,766,300 Persons. Have you any idea of the number of persons that the United States would sustain without overcrowding the population or even going beyond the limit of density now shown by the State of Rhode Island? The last census of the pygmy State just gives it a population of 80,000. The area of the State in square miles is only 1250. Thus we find that there is an average of 318 persons on every square mile of her territory. We can best illustrate the sustaining capacity of the whole of the United States and of the other States by making some comparisons. The State of Texas has an area of 265,780 square miles, and were it equally as densely populated as "Little Rhody" would comfortably sustain a population of 83,523,628 inhabitants—a greater number of persons than the whole country is expected to have in the year 1900. Scatter people all over the whole land from the Gulf to the Pacific and the States thickly as they are now in Rhode Island, and we would have 945,666,300 inhabitants, instead of an insignificant 62,000,000. In other words, if the United States could be peopled to their utmost sustaining capacity, we could take care of nearly two-thirds of the present population of the globe.—St. Louis Republic.

He Knew the Boy. This story is told of Rudyard Kipling, as illustrating very clearly the characteristics of the vigorous English boy who was afterwards to achieve such widespread fame with his pen. When a boy of twelve, he went on a voyage with his father, who, becoming desperately sea-sick, retired to his berth, leaving young Rudyard to his own devices. Presently the poor father heard a tremendous commotion over his head, and down the companion-ladder dashed the boatwain three steps at a time, shouting excitedly, "Mr. Kipling, your boy has crawled out on the yard-arm; if he ever lets go he'll drown, sure." "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, falling back on his pillow, with a sigh of relief, "but he won't let go."—Household Words.

Water Running Up Hill. "One of the few instances of a stream running up hill can be found in White County, Georgia," said T. R. Faulkner, at the St. Nicholas. "Near the top of a mountain is a spring, evidently a siphon, and the water rushes from it with sufficient force to carry it up the side of a very steep hill for nearly half a mile. Reaching the crest the water flows on to the east, and eventually finds its way into the Atlantic Ocean. Of course, it is of the same nature as a geyser, but the spectacle of a stream of water flowing up a steep incline can probably be found nowhere else in the country, and appears even more remarkable than the geyser of the Yellowstone."—Cincinnati Tribune.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Quite Another Story—Annoying—Hadden't the Open Sesame—The Preference, Etc., Etc. He'd a dreamy far-off look in his eyes, such a wholly unconscious air, while the busy contractor passed along—post he was, you'd swear—But no, he was only trying to look As if he had paid his fair.—Pick-Me-Up.

RIGHT IN HIS LINE. Parishioner—"Do you ever speculate in bonds, Mr. Theophrastus?" Pastor—"Only matrimonial, Mr. Pewrent."—Judge.

OH, THESE WOMEN. Minnie—"I do believe that Mrs. Sunmyers gets younger every day." Mamie—"No; only every evening."—Cincinnati Tribune.

HADN'T THE OPEN SESAME. Willy—"I hear you have been a good deal confined lately. What was the cause of it?" Wally—"I didn't have ten dollars?"—Life.

ANNOYING. First Baby—"What is the matter with you? You look as cross as two sticks this morning!" Second Baby—"I overslept myself last night."—Puck.

NEVER SMOOTH. Barber—"You ought to know the man—he lives down the street." Customer—"Smooth-faced man?" Barber (contemptuously)—"No; he shaves himself!"—Puck.

SUPPRESSED. She—"I have been listening to an awfully clever man for the past hour." He—"Then you may find me dull." She—"Not at all. One can't stand too much of that sort of thing, you know."—Life.

THE PREFERENCE. She—"The superior man rises on defeat; the ordinary man rises on success." He—"All things considered, I believe I prefer to be an ordinary man."—Detroit Free Press.

FOSTERING A POET. Magazine Manager—"Shall I send Wildeye ten dollars for this poem?" Editor—"Wildeye has real poetic genius, and nothing dulls poetic genius like overfeeding. Better send him our thanks."—Puck.

A YOUNG PHILOSOPHER. Mamma—"It seems to me, Johnny, that the earlier you get to bed the later you get up in the morning." Johnny—"I shouldn't wonder, mamma. I must make it up at one end or the other, you know."—Judge.

NEW SYMPTOM. "Mr. Allilus was terribly frightened about his wife and sent for a doctor in great haste." "What was the trouble?" "His wife complained of feeling perfectly well."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

PLENTY OF ATTENTION. Little Boy—"That watch you gave me doesn't keep good time." Father—"Perhaps you forget to wind it." Little Boy—"Forget to wind it? Why, I wind it forty times a day!"—Good News.

EPICURES. Bronsonhurst—"As you are living out in the suburbs, I wish you would tell me something about chickens. What kind of food do they like best?" Hewson Lott—"Mine seem to prefer the flower seed my wife planted in the garden."—Judge.

SO UNLUCKY. Mrs. Vera Short—"Everything goes against us, it seems." Visitor—"What's the matter, dear?" Mrs. Vera Short—"John's so unlucky! Salary reduced and nothing goes right. Would you believe, dear? John's been carrying a five-thousand dollar policy for three years and hasn't realized one cent. (Sighs.) And the trolleys running too!"—Judge.

NOT FORGIVING. Kind Gentleman—"That boy just hit you, did he?" Small Boy—"Yes, he did." Kind Gentleman—"Well, now, why don't you heap coals of fire on his head, like a good boy." Small Boy—"Do good boys do that?" Kind Gentleman—"Yes, indeed, all good boys." Small Boy—"Well, I guess I must be dead wicked then, cause I don't want to burn the chump to death, I just want to punch his head."—Life.

LOCATED AT LAST. Mr. Dumbleton, who is too economical to keep any extra collar buttons on hand, and who devotes a good share of his matin moments to hunting for these wayward essentials of male attire, started his wife the other morning by a more than usual overflow of emphatic language. "What's the matter now?" she exclaimed. "Matter enough!" he returned, with a series of paralytic gasps; "I've swallowed my collar button!" "Thank goodness!" snapped out Mrs. D. "For once in your life you know where it is."—Philadelphia Press.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Fruit before breakfast will prolong one's life. Nations which eat most meat have the most hair. A rival to peppermint oil rejects in the title of methyl-oleo-choylo-quinoline-carbonate.

Ten per cent. of the patients treated at the dispensaries of Berlin have been found to suffer from the deleterious effects of tea. The Algerian mountain, Dahebel Naibo, is slowly sinking. In the time of Caesar it was 1400 feet high; now it is only 800.

An extremely thin film of bichromated gelatin applied to the silvered surfaces of mirrors will protect them from atmospheric tarnish. A medical authority asserts that colds and catarrh are most frequently caused, not by cold, outdoor air, but by warm, impure, indoor air.

The latest anthropological statistics prove that the daily, monthly and yearly number of births exceed the deaths in a ratio of three to one. The recent hygienic congress at Budapest, Hungary, brought out the fact that there are four times as many men who stammer as there are women.

A new fuel made in France is of coal dust compressed into briquettes and soaked with chemicals which make it last a long time in a glow when once alight. A Japanese chemist, Jokichi Takamine, has discovered a new method of preparing diastase and some other substances from a plant called Eriobotrya oryzae. Diastase is a fermentative agent much more powerful than yeast.

The death of the German scientist, Helmholtz, left unfinished the work of preparing a universal electrical unit, which had been referred to a committee of which he was the head. Professor Marsh, of Yale, now has the matter in charge. Dr. Friedrich Lehner, of Zurich, has perfected a process for making artificial silk out of wood pulp or vegetable fibres. A company has been organized for its manufacture in Bradford, England, and one is talked of for this country.

The longest distance a projectile can be thrown by a modern great gun is sixty-five thousand six hundred and fifteen feet, which is an effective range of twelve and one-half miles. This was the record made by the best nine-inch Krupp gun at the Chicago fair.

The mammals of Florida, as enumerated by Frank M. Chapman in a recently prepared list, embrace fifty-three species and sub-species, exclusively of water animals. The largest forms are the Virginia deer, the black bear, the puma and the wolf, the last being nearly extinct. A leaf-nosed bat, probably an accidental visitor, is the only West Indian species.

L'Industrie Electricque says that by laying a very large cable to be used in connection with the microphone we could telephone across the Atlantic. It does not think, however, that the future of long-distance telephoning depends on larger cables, but rather on microphones of high resistance.

The French chemists have discovered a new amalgam, of ninety-four parts copper and six parts antimony, which is declared to be a wonderful substitute for gold. When polished it almost exactly resembles the aureate metal, and can be drawn, wrought and soldered precisely like gold. Besides, it can be manufactured at a cost of only about a shilling for a pound of avoirdupois.

A Thousand Dollars an Acre. In recounting his experience, C. E. Chapman, of Peru, N. Y., said that he had heard that blackberries would grow anywhere, and he, therefore, bought some plants of Kittating, took no particular pains to set them, and many died. He used on the ground a quantity of raw, coarse manure, and the next year many of the canes broke. He then concluded that to grow blackberries required some study. As a result of the study he prepared a piece of chestnut loam, put it in prime condition, bought some plants of Agawan & Snyder from good, careful growers, at prices that would warrant him in expecting good plants. He set them carefully in trenches seven feet apart and eight inches deep in the trench. He found these varieties deep-rooted and thrifty, and where mulched, pruned and not fed too much raw manure, he had little trouble from winter killing. When setting his plantation he applied 800 pounds of potash to the acre. He was careful to have all plants well set, and he frequently clipped the tops. All weak canes were cut out. Every spring he applies a light dressing of commercial fertilizer. Immediately after fruiting he cuts out and destroys all old canes, as these are the seat of nearly all the troubles of this fruit. In the winter he mulches heavily and leaves the mulch on late in the spring to prevent early starting.

Although he did not believe a thousand dollars an acre could be realized under ordinary conditions, yet this was an achievement worth striving for, and small patches had been made to yield at that rate. It required the right combination of man, soil, variety and cultivation, but it could be done.—Scientific American.

A Florist's "Yellow Aster." A "yellow aster" is no longer a nonentity—one has actually been produced and is offered for sale by Burpee, the Philadelphia seedsman. Now that some of his equally enterprising brethren in the trade give us a blue or purple chrysanthemum.—American Agriculturist.

A WINDY DAY.

The dawn was a dawn of splendor, And the blue of the morning skies Was as placid and deep and tender As the blue of a baby's eyes; The sunshine floods the mountain, And flashed over land and sea Like the spray of a glittering fountain— But the wind, the wind, Ah, mo!

Like a weird invisible spirit, It swooped in its airy flight; And the earth, as the stress drew near it, Quailed as in mute affright; The grass in the green fields quivered— The waves of the smitten brook Chilly shuddered and shivered, And the reeds bowed down and shook.

Like a sorrowful miser, It sobbed and it wailed and it blew Till the leaves on the trees looked weary, And my prayers were weary, too; And then like the sunshine glimmer That faded in the awful strain, All the hope of my eyes grew dimmer, In the spatter of spafull rain.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

When you give others advice take some of it yourself.—Ram's Horn.

A man's experience teaches him to fear nothing on earth but his friends.—Atehonin Globe.

There are a few fossils in this country that as yet are in no collection.—West Union Gazette.

The reason more short men do not buy tall hats is because they are short.—Rockland Tribune.

A courtship by mail is about as satisfactory as a perusal of the bill-of-fare in place of dinner.

Adversity is like the frosting on a sumptuous cake, and its rewards are like the plums below.—Puck.

It is estimated that a woman has the last word and eighty-two per cent. of the preceding conversation.—Puck.

There are many rules for merchants, But these two will suffice: Be diligent in business, And don't fail to advertise.—Detroit Free Press.

"Move on," said the officer; "you're full." "Thash right," said the dizzy one; "who told you?"—Adams Freeman.

It is easier to throw stones at a procession than it is to twirl the drum-major's baton.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There are two important periods in a woman's life. One is when she has a hired girl and the other is when she hasn't.—Rockland Tribune.

The man who sighs for the happy day Is a besotted old boy who used to say: "I wish I wuz a man."—Philadelphia Record.

The world is like a fruit basket. The big and attractive ones get on top, while the little ones are crushed out of sight in the bottom.—Texas Siftings.

Mrs. Murphy—"Yes, sonny, I've had a fruit stand on this block for thirty years." Tim Ryan—"If you've had advertised you might have owned the block by this time."—Boston Globe.

You think your old hat looks pretty well until you come out in a new one. Then you notice by the enthusiasm of your friends that they'd been hoping for this for some time.—Rockland Tribune.

"It's all nonsense, dear, about wedding cake. I put an enormous piece under my pillow and dreamed of nobody." "Well?" "And the next night I ate it and dreamed of everybody."—Life.

Old Player—"When next you try you want to forget everything but that you are on the stage." Amateur Slippup—"That was just the trouble; I did forget everything but that!"—Boston Courier.

Wiggles—"Why did they call it a charity concert, do you think?" Waggles—"I don't know. Possibly because it is so often necessary to be charitable toward the performers."—Somerville Journal.

"There is some satisfaction of being a kodak fiend," mused the amateur photographer, as he sent a bundle of pictures to a friend. "At least, a man can express his own views."—Philadelphia Record.

As the cow on the barbed wire scraped her self She gave a tremendous bound, And remarked: "I think the wires should all Do just right under the ground!"—Puck.

Caller—"I am going to send my little girl to cooking school at once." "Does she care for such things?" Caller—"Dear me, no; but I am sure she will make a good cook, she breaks so many lovely dishes."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Wife—"The language you used last night when you came home was something dreadful." Husband—"But—" Wife—"Don't try to deny it. I am as positive as I am that I sit here that when I said 'Who's there?' you said 'Me.'"—Chicago Tribune.

"Do you intend to pay an income tax?" "No; I've had my salary reduced to \$3400." "Then, of course, you'll expect a Christmas present of about \$300 or \$500 from your employers." "Yes, that is about the size of it."—Boston Budget.

Let's fade no more on Bonaparte, As we have lately done; And, setting him aside, let's make A lad of Washington.

He might object if he were here, But really it's too bad To go to foreign parts when we Can have a home-made lad.—Detroit Free Press.

If all the people who shut the door in the summer could be sent to the equator, and nailed to it, and all the people who leave the door open in the winter carried to the North Pole, and tied to it, what a comfortable world this would be to the rest of us.—Rockland Tribune.